

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2, 00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1883.

NO. 178.

THE first snow of winter is predicted for the 29th inst.

G. G. WHITE & Co. will start their distillery next week.

A DROVE of 565 turkeys passed up Main Street yesterday.

THIEVES stole three fat hogs for Allen Turner, Tuesday night.

REV. JAMES MANN has gone to merchandising again in Carlisle.

THERE's some hope for our city yet. We have a book agent in jail.

CANDIDATES for county offices are coming out for next year's election in Mason.

SPEAKING of booms, Kentucky is always enjoying a boom—of guns and pistols.

WONDER how many sheep raisers acted judges at the late Louisville dog show?

THE Teachers' Institute is now in session here, and the school madams are taking the town.

FRANK GRAVES, a Fayette farmer, attempted suicide by shooting, on account of ill health.

THOS. HUGHES, while drunk, got run over and killed by the cars, at Falmouth, Monday night.

MONDAY will be Court-day at Carlisle. Everybody should meet the News there with their money.

THIRTY houses were demolished by a cyclone at Springfield, Mo., and six persons were killed Monday.

THERE are fourteen murder cases on the docket of the Breathitt circuit Court, and eight at Harrodsburg.

A HENRY HUME got sent up from the Circuit Court at Winchester, for two years, for shooting with intent to kill.

EX-GOV. MAGOFFIN has bought the Harrodsburg fair grounds, and is going to convert them into a tobacco farm.

JACK DOAN shot himself through the hand with a load of shot, while climbing the fence with his gun, near Falmouth.

DICK RICE, of Madison county, killed two rabbits running at two shots with a pistol, and killed two at one shot sitting.

A HOG ditched three cars and wounded five men at Lebanon. Several hundred of them are also ditching Maysville.

DR. CARVER and Buffalo Bill, with 100 Indians and cow boys, are showing at the Louisville fair grounds this week.

WM. BLACK, son of Judge Black, Spencer county, attempted suicide yesterday at Shelbyville, Ky., by cutting his throat.

A HOME for the aged and sick colored folks has been opened up in Louisville. It's time to do away with Uncle Tom's Cabin now.

JOS. FIRMAN, a freight conductor from Fleming county, was killed on the C. & O. road, by falling through a forty-foot trestle.

JAMES WARD, a Cincinnati drummer, came near dying at Maysville, from an overdose of chloral. He had been on a big drunk.

SEVERAL Cynthiana dudes started to Florida to grow up with the country, but on arriving at Lexington, got home-sick and returned.

APPLES are too high in this market for newspaper men to indulge in eating them. They sell at 60 cents per peck for very ordinary fruit.

GIVE us a stringent dog law and more muton for home consumption. The dogs have already declared war on the sheep all over the county.

SQUIRE PARKER, a respected citizen of Shelbyville, accidentally shot himself through the shoulder, and the wound will probably prove fatal.

LAST Wednesday in Powell county Noble Ledford shot and killed John Hatten with a shot-gun. The cause of the trouble is not yet definitely known.

GEO. ALEXANDER's blind horse fell down in his flower pit Monday, and now George cannot tell his finest Marshal Nell geranium from a spray of dog fennel.

ABOUT seventy-five men are at work cutting stone on a \$60,000 contract for the Louisville lock on Big Sandy river. Congress appropriated \$80,000 for the work.

EVERY man in Bourbon who is in favor of a stringent dog law, should sign petitions in every precinct and have them ready to present to the next Legislature.

SEE advertisement of public sale of personal property of T. C. Collier, near Judy's cross roads, three miles from Millersburg, in Nicholas county, on the 21st inst.

THE Snake-town Minstrels gave a public entertainment at City Hall, Tuesday night. This juvenile troupe proposes to give another show at an early day.

LOT KELLEY has paid Hutchcraft & Ford, as insurance on their building recently burned, \$3,000 for the Commercial Union, and \$1,000 for the Connecticut.

SMITH KENNEY's boys caught a "possum" which weighed 13 pounds Tuesday night. The Kentuckian will please not steal this marvellous quadrupedal item.

MISS BARBARA WALTON, a maiden lady of about forty-five, was tried at Flemingsburg, Tuesday, on a writ of lunacy and ordered to be sent to the Lunatic Asylum, at Lexington.

A MAN named Dileman, who lived here several years ago, ate 88 doz. of fried oysters at one sitting, and called for more. A man by the name of Snyder furnished the oysters.

BILL JACKSON and George Sanders, two Falmouth dandies, got into a row, and Jackson threw his knife at Sanders, which struck him in one lung and dangerously wounded him.

THE gallows on which Joe. Duncan was hung here several years ago, were burned in Hutchcraft's ware room. They would probably have rotted anyhow before another man would have been hanged on them.

A TRAMP named Trimble, from Georgetown, who was selling the life and campaign of Hancock and English, was arrested by Marshal Mernaugh yesterday, for stealing some clothes out of a house in the suburbs of the city.

PERRY HUTCHCRAFT, formerly of this county, now in the wilds of New Mexico, writes back to his brother Davis, that he recently ran a wild horse thirty-five miles, lassoed it and rode it home. Also that he has a pet wild cat on hands.

THE City Council of Lexington passed an ordinance Tuesday night, favoring the establishment of water-works as per the agreement of the Holly Manufacturing Company, who propose to lay pipes, furnish fire-plugs and water at a rental of \$10,000 per year.

JOHN FREEMAN shot John Smiley through the heart at Richmond, Monday, and fled to the country and escaped. Both were married men, and citizens of Madison county. The Register says that the people there generally consider it a very cowardly murder.

TWENTY-FOUR houses and lots in Rucker-ville, a negro suburb of this place, together with several lots in the city and a good deal of personal property belonging to H. M. Rucker, will be sold at Sheriff's sale November 24th, to satisfy judgments against said Rucker.

JAS. H. SHORT, JR., has been appointed traveling and soliciting agent for the Baltimore & Ohio Express Co., and is meeting with much success in way of building up a patronage for that company. Jim is a clever young man with fine address, and will do well as a solicitor.

THE Court clerked on the bill of \$79.20 for the new pavements running across the Court-house square, but on Judge threatening to pay it himself, re-considered and allowed. The first vote stood 9 to 7 and the second vote 10 to 6. It was the understanding of the magistrates that the job was to have cost but \$50.

AT a revival of the colored Methodists at Sharpsburg last week, the congregation became so enthused and wild with religion that almost every one in the church had to be carried out. A citizen tells us that the white citizens had to help carry them as there were not enough colored ones on their feet to do the work.

MARTIN LUTHER'S Reformation step will be very generally celebrated Sunday throughout the orthodox world. If Martin could only be present and hear all that's said about him and view the many demonstrations yet existing among his many followers, he might with equal propriety, burn a hundred more bulls.

R. B. HUTCHCRAFT tells the News that he thinks he will rebuild his ware house at once, and proceed to business again. We sincerely hope he will, for he is one of the most pushing men that ever engaged in grain and commission business in this city—and, besides, he furnished employment for twenty men or more, the year round.

RICHARD BUSH, of Danville, has run away with his wife's sister, Miss Mary Williams, but Mrs. Bush caught them at the Junction and argued the question with the truants, who headed her not, but jumped the train and left the deserted wife heart-sick and desolate. Mrs. Bush, the deserted woman, figured conspicuously in a bawdiest suit against Malcolm Tewmny a few years ago.

COONEY SEITHERS, the German tailor sent to the penitentiary for this place for burglarizing the Citizens' Bank, sent by Sheriff Armstrong, as a present to Dan Roche, a cane made of 200 round pieces of leather through the center of which runs a stiff steel wire handsomely tipped with silver at the top and feruled at the bottom. It is highly polished and is a beautiful piece of mechanism.

JUST after the first cyclone last week, an old darkey was bewailing the loss of some colored friends who had a house blown down on them in the country, and Brent Hutchcraft said that all of the misfortunes now inflicting the colored race was sent upon them because they were too fond of chickens.

NEXT day when the old darkey came in and viewed Brent's war room with the roof lifted off by the second cyclone, he remarked to Brent, "Boss, is you been stealin' chickens too?"

IN consequence of the City Council issuing an iron clad order demanding R. B. Hutchcraft to remove all debris of his late fire within twenty-four hours, Mr. H. has determined to bring suit against the city for damages, for not extinguishing the fire, and thereby suffering the loss of a large lot of baled hemp which was uninjured after the falling of the walls. Hemp was taken out of the ruins as late as yesterday morning that wasn't wet.

Attempted Suicide.

AN old man of this city, who does not live but two squares from the Court-house, went home drunk Wednesday night, and made his wife believe he was going to commit suicide. He went out in his night clothes and threw a large rock in the elstern and then crawled under the house. His wife yelled murder and alarmed the neighbors, who came in and dragged the elstern for about an hour, and the old man getting very cold, crawled out and asked, "What in the hell are you all doing?"

A Fine Old Drummer.

PRES. GORDON, a colored man of Richmond, Ky., began to beat the drum for militia musters in 1829. He has in his possession the drum he used to beat for volunteers for the Mexican war. Gen. C. M. Clay was the first to enlist under the sound of the drum. It was made in Madison county in 1818. The old colored man was also one of the drummers at the laying of the corner-stone of Henry Clay's monument at Lexington, and during the late war was drum-major of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Kentucky Infantry. At a prize-drill of drum-majors in front of Richmond in 1864, he was awarded the prize over one hundred competitors.

SCINTILLATIONS.

—Speed Hilder is dangerously ill with malarial fever.

—Jeff Hamilton and wife, of Nicholas, have gone to Missouri, to live.

—C. W. Gaitskill, of Winchester, is going to Chattanooga, to start a bank.

—A masquerade skating rink party will be held at Richmond, on the 17th.

—Pat Shay, of Carlisle, attended the burial of his father in Cincinnati, Wednesday.

—Geo. Robinson, of Lexington, has gone to Florida, to go into the orange business.

—Prof. Sanders, of this city, will conduct the Teachers' Institute at Carlisle, next week.

—Senator James Beck and Mr. Jeffry, of Lexington, are taking a hunt in Fleming county.

—Dr. Wm. Kenney, of this city, was called to Powell county Tuesday, on professional business.

—The dancing-masters of the United States will hold a convention in Philadelphia December 27th.

—R. I. Metcalf, of Lexington, eloped with Miss Annie Brown, and got married in Jeffersonville, Ind.

—Miss Minnie Moore has returned to her home in Covington, after making a short visit to Cynthiana.

—Mrs. Betsey Netherland, of Mt. Sterling, although eighty-one years old is happy in making a long lum lum all day.

—Mrs. Rhoda Conway, of Carlisle, has gone to Missouri, and Foster Clary and Henry Kimbrough to New Mexico.

—Thos. D. Jones, a student at the Kentucky Military Institute, from Mt. Sterling, is now a captain of cadets.

—Twenty-three weddings are on the bill boards at Flemingsburg, less two or three which came off this week and last.

—"A Mountain Pink," a story of Moon-shiners, dramatized by Louise Sylvester, at the Lexington Opera House to-morrow.

—Two young ladies in Lexington, recently dressed up in boys' clothing and made calls, got caught in their foolish little trick.

—One thousand dollars in gold weighs four pounds. This explains why all editors have their pants pockets made of old shot sacks.

—Senator Jas. Beck loves fishing well enough to become President. Somebody please nominate him, and dig the minnows for bait.

—A cynical exchange says: "One honest business man in every community would do remarkably well—he would have so little competition."

—The comedy Rory O'Moore, was presented at the Lexington Opera House last night, by the Catholic Young Men's Dramatic Club, of that city.

—"Stray leaves from Kentucky History," was subject of Col. Billy Breckinridge's lecture before the students of Eminence, last Friday night.

—J. C. Bosworth, O. F. Troutman, E. M. Duncan, John Barclay, Geo. Robinson and F. Wilson, of Lexington, have gone to Florida on a hunting expedition.

—The Cynthiana Democrat says: One of the lady boarders at the Smith House took it into her head that a bridal couple at the hotel were not legally married, and refused to eat at the same table with them.

—Rev. Henry M. Seudder, who has been conducting a meeting at Richmond, has closed his meeting on being called home to preach the funeral of Mr. Hood, near Elizaville. His meeting was very successful.

—A young man of this precinct came to town on horseback a few evenings ago and hitched his horse to the rack; and after attending to some business, he walked home, four miles in the country, forgetting that he ever owned a horse; he was duly sober, too.

—The largest funerals in New York this year were those of Jimmie Elliott, the prize fighter, and Jim Walsh, the burglar. New Orleans has furnished the largest one over the remains of a wealthy prostitute. There's nothing like honoring the great, dead or a alive.

HIRE & PICKOVER have bought Tom Bashford's bill boards.

TOM BASHFORD left this morning, for St. Louis, to make his home.

AN angle measuring seven feet four inches from tip to tip was killed recently in Simpson county.

A MAN named Fouts, at Thompson's Station, fooled with a cartridge, which shot him through one hand and lodged in the calf of his leg.

MAYOR JOHNSON and City Clerk O'Mahony promised to tear out each others eyes at the Council meeting at Lexington, Tuesday night, but strong men held them down to mere talk.

WM. MILLER and a companion monkeyed with an old pistol at the residence of Wm. Hurst, in Fleming county, and the bullet struck Miller in the thigh. The pistol was not loaded, of course.

THE dogs on show in Louisville were estimated in value at \$249,000, which is almost the value of all the sheep in Kentucky. Let's cut down the value of the dogs and enhance the value on the sheep.

WINCHESTER people are in correspondence with the President of the K. C. railroad, and are asking the location of the machine shops there. If the privilege of them are to be bought, Winchester can have them.

SUIC was brought last week by the Kentucky Union Railroad Company to condemn the right of way through Mason Morris' farm near Hedge's Station, a distance of a mile, and after two days' deliberation the jury brought a verdict for \$2,500. Both parties are dissatisfied with the decision, and the case will be appealed.

THE Courier-Journal correspondent at Richmond, says:

Mrs. Pattie Lyman, wife of Hon. C. M. Clay, Jr., of Bourbon county, who died two weeks ago, was a daughter of the late Dr. A. B. Lyman, of this place. Dr. Lyman had a genealogical chart and tree which carried his family back to the days of William the Conqueror, of England—more than 800 years. The chart includes Lyman Beecher, Lyman Trumbull and others.

A Pushing Old Man.

COL. C. R. MASON, the contractor who built the K. C. extension from Winchester to Richmond, has amassed a snug fortune at building railroads since the war. He made most of the C. & O. from Richmond, Va. to Mt. Sterling, and since 1875, has checked \$5,000,000, out of one bank at Richmond. He came out of the war a poor man; now he is rich. He has been building railroads for sixty years, and was never known to lose money by taking work for less than it is worth. He can ride along a line of survey and tell just what it will cost to build the road; yet he can not read and write—never could, for he was a poor boy and went to work as a laborer with a pick, shovel and wheelbarrow. He was Stonewall Jackson's bridge builder, and on one occasion when he was ordered to get the timbers in readiness, while the engineers perfected the plans, he built the bridge ready for the army to cross, before the engineer could put the plans on paper. When given the plans and told to erect the bridge as speedily as possible, he replied: "Go away, General, with your pictures, the bridge are now up." Gen. Jackson immediately had him commissioned a Colonel. He went home and voted against Mahone Tuesday, and has since returned to his work near Winchester.

TRY the Marie Mine Coal, A. BERRY, nov-2-St.

What Gruelee Says of Gen. Morgan.

THE Breckinridge News of last week published a lengthy article endeavoring to substantiate a former publication regarding Gen'l John Morgan's death, the article winding up as follows: "Our statement was based on the declaration of reputable gentlemen, who were under him, and one of the first physicians and surgeons in this country, a Kentucky gentleman of standing and veracity, who told us, that many months before Morgan met his death, he was warned, by a gentleman, now a resident of Indiana, who held a prominent position under him, probably on his staff, that, between Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Myers, of Greenville, he would be killed. It seems that the Myers woman was a buxom, dashing widow who attracted Morgan's attention, and the intimacy between them was resented by the former woman to that extent that she betrayed him to his enemies. This is the gist of the story as related to us. We believe it to be true, because we have confidence in the words of our informants."

Tragic Death of Clay McGee and Family!

A SPECIAL from KANSAS CITY, on yesterday says: At the farm house of H. Clay McGee, ten miles south of this city, his children returning home from school this afternoon found the lifeless bodies of father, mother and one sister lying upon the floor. McGee evidently killed his wife, shooting her in the breast with a shotgun, shot his daughter in the back, and then swallowed morphine. The house being isolated, the neighbors were not aroused. The bodies consequently lay undiscovered by the children late in the day. The immediate cause is not known. McGee is described as a man of violent temper, and was a prosperous farmer, having been in this vicinity several years ago from Cynthiana, Ky., where he killed Jason Metcalf.

Money to Loan.

\$650.00 To loan on first mortgage on real estate. Address: S. W., box 151.

The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

A California man paid \$1,200 for a Jack, in Madison county, last week.

An Alderney cow in Henry County yielded seventeen pounds of butter in one week.

Lady DeJarnett who was sold last week in New York, was once the property of Dr. Hord Sharp, of Sharpsburg.

J. T. Rice, of this precinct, sold his crop of 17,000 pounds of new tobacco, to Jones, Best Co., of Mason, at 15 all around, in stripping order.

Maysville Bulletin: W. W. Baldwin & Co., on Tuesday, sold to Mr. John H. Hall a pair of matched geldings for \$700. They are fine animals and the price paid is low.

J. I. Case, the owner of Jay-Eye-See, is reported to have bought R. S. Veech's wonderful trotting filly Fema Sole. The price is put in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

Judge Greer, of the Memphis Criminal Court, has decided that the managers of the pool-rooms in that city are common gamblers, subject to fine and imprisonment.

A. C. Farris, of New York, has leased 3,000 acres of land along the line of the Kentucky Union Railway, and is going to bore for oil just as soon as he can ship his machinery. He is elated with the rich prospects.

Good judges say that stock of all kinds sold at from 10 to 15 per cent. premium on their par value, at the sale of the administrator of Charles Redmon, Tuesday. Horse stock sold at from \$110 to \$225; work mules \$175; two-year-olds, \$93.75; yearlings, \$90; cows, \$40 to \$60; two-year-old cattle, \$75. The sale of personality aggregated about \$15,000.

CALL on A' Berry for your coal. nov-2-St

MATRIMONIAL.

R. E. Dills and Miss Lucy Scroggins, of Harrison, were married last week.

Walter Dearing and Miss Ida Chapman, were married at Flemingsburg, Monday.

Benton Garrett, of Moorefield, married Miss Maggie Cumbers, of Mason county, last week.

Alonso Burden and Miss Lizzie Haggard, and J. W. Ruddell and Miss Maggie Ingels, of Nicholas, were married yesterday.

Geo. Reed and Miss Anna Berry, of Nicholas, were married in Aberdeen. Also, Sam Murry and Miss Annie Taylor, of Harrison county.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Annie W. Raley to Mr. J. C. Burnett, of Louisville. The ceremony takes place at Lexington, November 14th.

Three sisters named McClure, were married in Chattanooga, at the same pulpit, by the same minister, by one ceremony. The three couples left on a wedding tour together.

DEATHS.

Geo. R. Givens, half brother to Col. J. G. Craddock, of this place, died last week, at Mt. Sterling, Ills.

Arthur Flannell, of Cynthiana, was buried Tuesday by the Knights Templar of Cynthiana Commandery, No. 16. Wolf & Trost's band were in attendance.

W. H. H. JOHNSON, Prop'r, W. B. CONWAY, Clerk.

JOHNSON HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

One square from the depot. Good Livery Stable Attached. The kindest attention given and guests made comfortable.

Good Sample Rooms. A table filled with all the delicacies of the season.

RATES REASONABLE.

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May be found during the day, when not professionally engaged, at Brooks & Lyman's Drug Store, at night, at the residence of Prof. E. Amende, on High st.

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THE NEWS

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : KENTUCKY.

A TRAGEDY IN PAST PARTICLES.

(Showing how easily the English language may be simplified by eliminating verbal irregularities.)

Sally Saitre she was a teacher and taught. And her friend Charley Church was a preacher who preached. Though his friends all called him a screacher who scraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk. And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking and winked.

While she, in turn, fell to thinking and thought. And hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed.

For his love grew until to a mountain it grew. And what he was longing to do, then he dooded.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke. To seek with his lips what his heart long had spoke.

So he managed to let the truth leak and it leaked.

He asked her to ride to church, and they rode. They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode.

And they came to the place to be tied and were tied.

And homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove. And as soon as they wished to arrive they arrived.

For whatever he couldn't contrive, she contrived.

The kiss he was dying to steal then he stole. At the foot where he wanted to kneel then he knelt.

And he said: "I feel better than ever I fole." So they to each other kept clinging and clung. While time on his swift circuit was winging and winged.

And this was the thing he was bringing and brought.

The man Sally wanted to catch and had caught. That she wanted from others to snatch and had snatched.

Was the one she now liked to scratch and had scratcht.

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze. While he took to teasing and cruelly tose.

The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squeeze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him and left. "How could you deceive me as you have deceift?"

And she answered: "I promised to cleave and I've cleift."

—Continued.

WAS IT DEATH OR LIFE?

A dull November day was drawing to a close as I found myself again approaching the old university town of D—, after an absence of more than ten years. Indeed, night had already fallen when the train on which I was a passenger drew up at the station, whose lights blinked drearily through the fog that had been steadily gathering since sunset, and now, by an increased dampness, threatened to dissolve into rain.

The bustle usually attending the arrival of the evening mail in quiet inland places like D— seemed, on this particular occasion, to be wanting. The dozen or so of persons, mostly men with waterproofs and umbrellas, who were on the platform awaiting our arrival, silently met those they seemed to expect, and with them melted away like ghosts into the surrounding mist, and as no one appeared to have the slightest interest in me I began to fear that I would have to make my way alone to the house of the relative with whom I was to stop for a few days; a prospect not at all cheering, wearied as I was with many days continuous travel.

I determined, however, to make one effort for an escort, and was about to turn my steps toward the only part of the depot where a light was to be seen, when the figure of a man in a preposterously long overcoat, and high bell-crowned hat, emerged from the gloom at the farther end of the platform. He came briskly up to where I stood, and peering into my face, said:

"Be you Miss S—? If you air, I've come to take you to Prof. M—'s."

In my joyful surprise I dropped my sachel and holding out my hand, exclaimed: "Why, Andrew, don't you know me?"

"To be sure," he replied, giving my hand a hearty shake, "but my eyes ain't as good as they used to be, Miss Elizabeth." Then taking up my sachel, he continued: "Well, come on, and Hannah and me'll give you as good a welcome as we know how seen we're monarchs of all we survey up there now."

I remembered that this had been Andrew's favorite quotation in the days of auld lang syne, and hearing it now, together with the peculiar chuckle with which it had always, in that atmosphere, been accompanied, I felt a momentary light-heartedness, and breathed again that cheerful and home-like atmosphere from which I had been so long exiled. And, animated by a sudden revival of old memories, I was no sooner seated in the Professor's comfortable carriage than I began to launch volleys of questions at my companion's unflinching head, he being, as I well remembered, quite equal to a bombardment of that kind.

Indeed, Andrew was a gossip of the first water, though a good-natured one, and to my taste, an amiable and conscientious news-gatherer in the most delightful of companions. The tedium of a long ride through dark and muddy streets was forgotten as I listened to a resume of events since my last visit to D—; a vast array of happenings that might have kept fifty years instead of ten in a buzz of excitement. But then it is always so. It is when we are absent from familiar places that all the opposing influences that war with human nature seems to converge, and hold a very Walpurgis night of unexpected befallings.

The Professor's house stood in the middle of an inclosure several acres in extent, and handsomely set out with trees and shrubbery, through which its gothic gables and picturesque groups of chimneys were seen, especially in summer, with charming effects. Now a pale and watery moon, in her third quarter, was vainly striving to pierce the thick mists as we reached the place, and Andrew made frantic efforts to point out the changes and improvements that had been made in my absence, but house and grounds persisted in resolving themselves into a hazy blur, while the crunching of the wheels over the wet gravel as we crept along the drive

added another color, if there can be color in sound, of desolation to the scene.

The noise of our wheels brought out Hannah, Andrew's wife, with an umbrella, for by that time a fine drizzle was falling, and soon I was seated by a cheerful fire in the oblong room I knew so well, with its cases of specimens from every part of the globe and its huge bouquet of pink coral over the chimney-piece. I had already learned from Andrew that the Professor and his wife were not at home, having been called to a distant part of the State by the sudden illness of their daughter, but Hannah rehearsed the whole matter, and while lamenting the sad necessity of their going, assured me it would in no way interfere with the comfort of my stay.

In the days gone by I had been a favorite with Hannah, and when, after supper, she showed me to my room, I found evidences of the old-time regard still surrounding me. A bright fire burned in the fire-place, an easy-chair stood waiting before it; and the thick, rich-colored curtains at the windows, the soft carpet on the floor, and the bed, with its snow white coverings, made as cozy a nest as one could wish to slip into after a long and tiresome day's journey.

But, though I had had much ado to keep my eyes open during Hannah's kind, but prosy, talk, every inclination to sleep departed when that worthy woman bade me good-night, and I was at last left alone with my thoughts.

Some book shelves hung against the wall at one side of the fire-place, and on examining their contents, I found a curious melange of medical, scientific and philosophical works from which, out of some whim, I chose the crabbedest and least comprehensible, in the mazes of which I so completely lost myself that a clock striking twelve in long, measured strokes, recalled me to myself, and to the knowledge that I was, at least, very sleepy. The wind had risen, and now wafted around the house, seeming to have chosen the recess under my west window in which to play its wildest pranks. I could hear it coming through the trees with the sound of a distant waterfall, then growing nearer and louder it would, with one angry swoop, leap into this corner, shrieking like a demon, and making the window rattle as if a giant had caught it in his grasp, then dying away in a hollow moan that sounded in that midnight hour inexpressibly mournful and human-like.

I went to the window, drew the curtain aside and looked out. The mists had become condensed with masses of vapory elonds, and in all kinds of fantastic shapes were flying wildly across the moon, which, at intervals, burst into momentary splendor, only to plunge with frantic haste into the next dim mass that threatened her. A mile away the huge mass of the university buildings rose darkly against a chaotic background of black and gray. In another direction, but still in this range of vision, a church-steeple lifted stately from a sea of silvery mist. From under the window a rosebush reached bare beseeching arms, and beat against the window-panes as if demanding entrance into the light and warmth within. All this stress and strain of the elements wearied me, and, half afraid of the lonely place and hour, I hastily undressed, put out my light, and got into bed. A lull in the noises outside accompanied this act of mine, but in a moment or two they began again with renewed fury. My last confused thought was that some mighty preparations were going on. Some great reckoning was about to be ushered in, and, as if borne out on the wings of the wild wind, my soul seemed to lose its hold on earthly things and to float away toward the unknown.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, indeed the morning was quite advanced. A delicious warmth filled the room, although the fire had gone out hours before and the window opening into the recess was wide open. My first glance fell upon the window, and I was amazed to see that the bare and shivering rosebush of the night before was now thick-clothed with buds and full-blown roses, crowding thick upon the window-sill and turning glowing faces toward me like happy children at play. The heavy window-curtains were also gone, dainty white draperies having taken their place, but before I could look for further changes within, the scene outside claimed my astonished gaze.

From my position, as from some aerial height, I beheld a glorious sweep of hill and dale. It lay up here and there by the flash of waters, and bounded at the horizon by a swelling line of hills fair as the Delectable Mountains. Harmonious sounds floated on the air, and I caught the gleam of sunlight on a sail; summer winds, laden with scents of woods and flowers, wandered in and out of the room; a solitary bee buzzed among the roses, and voiced the Heavenly calm of the place.

Too wonder-struck to move, I lay with my arms crossed above my head, trying to account for the marvelous transformation around me. I went over in careful detail every incident of my journey of the day before. I recalled the ride from the depot, my arrival at the house, my conversation with Andrew and Hannah, and my subsequent lonely vigil in that very room with no other companionship than the vagaries of an obsolete philosopher and the ghostly tapping of the rosebush on the pane. That rosebush, which I realized again with a thrill that went through me like an electric shock, was now pouring out upon me the breath of its luxurious bloom.

So fascinated had I been with the enchanting scene without that I had thought of nothing else, but now I threw a swift glance around the room, my heart beating with a strange fear, as if some awful mystery was about to unfold. In that glance I saw that it was, and yet was not, the room upon which I had closed my eyes the night before. It was altogether finer and more expensive. The walls were covered with the most exquisite scenes, painted in fresco, while an intricate pattern of leaves and flowers adorned the ceiling with their mimic bloom. Still the general aspect of the room was the same though in some particulars so startlingly different. Eager to take in every detail, I was following the circuit of the painted wall with greedy eyes, when directly opposite me I perceived

for the first time a door standing wide open, and in the room thus revealed and on a bed, the counterpart of the one on which I was lying, a lady lay, regarding me with a fixed and serious look. The abrupt disclosure of such a vision almost took my breath away; nevertheless I returned her gaze steadily, and the longer I looked the more I became impressed with the idea that I had seen her before; that some time I had intimately known her. But memory refused to recall where and when. Then I thought how strange it was that Hannah had not told me of another guest in the house, and I speculated on probable reasons for her singular silence. We lay thus regarding each other for some time, but the situation soon became embarrassing, and I half resolved to accost the stranger, but something in her aspect deterred me. I could not take my eyes from her face. She looked like one of those idealized pictures we make to ourselves of our beloved dead, with the forms and features we have known, but with that look of peace after storm, that air of Heavenly repose after life's fretful fever, that befits our conceptions of the life beyond the grave.

Suddenly a great wave of emotion swept over me, and, unable longer to endure the strain, I threw back the covers, sprang out of bed and walked toward the door. My mysterious vis-à-vis did the same. In the two or three seconds that it took me to reach the end of the room I had time for quite a chain of mental comment, for my thoughts seemed to form with the rapidity of lightning, and I felt with a certain sense of relief that the lady was an inhabitant of the same state of being as myself, and was evidently as anxious as I was for an explanation of this strange encounter.

Thus impressed, I began to speak, when to my utter astonishment the open door resolved itself into a magnificent pier glass that reached from floor to ceiling, and showed me, not a stranger, but my own image in its crystalline depths. I stood for a moment motionless, almost paralyzed. Was that indeed myself? I was fully conscious that only a few hours before I had been a pale, sad-faced, middle-aged woman, worn with the battle of life, and now here I was, changed in a twinkling into this fair and gracious being, with health in every vein, grace in every movement, and eyes full of joy and hope.

A frenzy of rapture took possession of me. I pressed my face against the glass to make sure that what I saw was really an image of myself. I pushed back the sleeves from my plump white arms, and ran my fingers over the delicate, blue-veined flesh. Yes, it was all true. There was no guising it. It was myself, that ideal self of which hitherto I had only caught glimpses in the few exalted moments I had known. My mind seemed also to have cast off its restrictions as well as my body. My thoughts formulated themselves with untroubled ease. That chaos of half-formed sensations, in which heretofore I had passed my life, arranged itself now into a chain of orderly sequences, and I was entranced to the consciousness of the wide range of spiritual vision I had become possessed of. No more pent-up Ulicias of thought and feeling, but a boundless universe was mine to explore, unrolling in majestic procession its multimiform yet unwearying details. Aspirations that I had long laid aside as hopeless swelled in my heart anew; all that I had once hoped to do and to be flamed up from its ashes with renewed fire, and the dreams that had glorified my lost youth hovered over me again, and I read in their radiant eyes that they had come, this time, to be fulfilled.

The conviction flashed upon me that this was that other life toward which the children of earth have, for immemorial ages, turned their longing eyes, and in the full security of this blessed belief I went back in memory to my early life, scanning it as something from which I had quite detached myself, and could therefore judge it, not in parts, but as a whole. It looked dark and sad enough in contrast with the light and bloom in which I stood, but as I retraced the incidents of my former career, a thousand things which had puzzled me became clear, and gradually its real significance dawned upon my sense. I realized with startling clearness that I could not afford to lose one moment of that other time, one item of that other experience. Out of the dark, unlively mold of that life the new had bloomed like a flower, and as producer and product, cause and effect, I beheld them indissolubly bound together, and blending into one.

I was recalled by the sound of voices in the garden, and hastening to the window I saw a group of people approaching the house. This group was composed of both grown people and children, and though too far away to note them distinctly, they seemed a glad and joyous company. I thought of the two from whom I had parted years ago in agonies of sorrow. Could they be among them? The thought electrified me, and leaning out of the window I singled out two who wore, to my excited fancy, a familiar look, and as they came nearer my conjecture became a certainty. Yes, there they were, no longer with the pallor of death and decay upon them, but informed with health in every lineament, immortal in their youth and beauty.

I reached out my arms toward them—I rushed the roses aside in my impatience. I called them by their names; I saw them turn at the sound of my voice and lift their hands in mute astonishment. With a look of recognition in their eyes, I saw them hasten toward me, and then the requisite pain of that unutterable joy was more than I could bear. A mist came between me and the objects around; the voices in the garden grew fainter and fainter, and, overwhelmed by a sense of awful defeat and loss, I sank into insensibility. How long I lay in that state I never knew, but in my first conscious moment I found myself sitting up in bed and trembling in every limb. The wild November gale had spent itself, and within and without an oppressive stillness reigned. A cold, wan daylight showed faintly through the curtains, but I was hardly conscious of my surroundings. It was not till afterwards I knew I had lain that night in the focus of one of the most violent storms that had passed over the country for many a year.

Hannah found me that morning in a woful state, and for days I lay faint and exhausted on the confines of that world of whose glory I had drunk so deep, yet so fleeting a draught.

You may say that it was nothing but a dream. Impossible! No dream ever carried with it such an absolute certainty of its truth as did this vision of mine, and nothing will ever shake my faith in its reality. As certain as I am that I am now a part and parcel of this material frame of things, so certain am I that, through the infinite goodness of God, I was allowed one little glimpse, one slight foretaste of the life beyond the grave.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A 6,000-Year-Old Snake.

"We want to see the big snake." Such was the request of Mr. D. M. Lienhardt in explanation of a ring at the door-bell of his residence, No. 1,025 Popular street, yesterday morning. On the steps were gathered a half-dozen children belonging to that neighborhood, ranging in age from five to twelve years, who cautiously inquired if the serpent was likely to harm them. They were told that no harm would befall them, and so the little ones entered. No sooner had the door closed when another tug at the bell informed Mr. Lienhardt that more callers were awaiting to be admitted to satisfy their curiosity. This time the visitors proved to be adults, and so a steady stream of men, women and children kept up all day, much to the discomfort of the obliging owner of the thing which many had come for squares around to see. Entering the hall the spectators beheld a petrified snake twelve feet long and twenty inches in circumference, weighing over 375 pounds.

It was found a month ago imbedded in a coal vein in one of the mines of the Leonard Coal Company in Center County, Pennsylvania. The miner who ran across the remarkable specimen of petrification many hundred feet beneath the earth's surface was thunderstruck at the discovery, and experienced something like a cold chill down his back for the first few moments after his pick had brought to light the serpent's head. He called his comrades, and they aided him in digging it out. It had to be cut into sixteen sections before it could be gotten out of the vein. The snake was exhibited for several days in a hut near the mine, and people for miles around flocked to the place to see the strange thing, the like of which, it was said, had never before been seen in those parts. An officer of the Leonard Coal Company obtained possession of it, and had it on private exhibition for several days at his office, No. 207 Walnut place. He soon became tired of the rush, which included brokers and business men, to his office to get a glimpse of the petrified snake, so he presented it to its present owner. The latter has also been run down by visitors, but his love for curiosities is so great that he would sooner put up with annoyance than part with his present.

The snake is of a dark lead color. Its head, body and tail are wonderfully well preserved, the outlines being quite distinct. It is somewhat flattened on top, and through the center of the body is a ridge an inch in depth.

A well-informed naturalist, connected with the Academy of Natural Sciences, examined the thing for two hours on Saturday last. He said it was the best petrified specimen he ever saw, and he claims to be well up in that line. The ridge he explained as being due to the wasting away of a portion of the entrails and undigested food previous to the time when petrification set in. He claims that the snake was fully six thousand years old, and belonged to a species now found in certain portions of Africa.—*Philadelphia Record.*

He Gave 'Em.

In a restaurant the other night half a dozen acquaintances were talking about the era of crime in Detroit, and one of the party, who looked upon himself as a pretty good amateur detective, observed:

"Gentlemen, there is only one way to clear the city of bad men."

"How's that?"

"Why, make every honest citizen a detective. That is, if you see a suspicious character let us make it our duty to spot him. If on the street at night follow him, or let him know that you suspect him. If in the daytime pass him along—set the police after him—give him no rest."

"You wouldn't dare follow one," remarked one of the crowd.

"I wouldn't? Well, don't you bet a box of cigars I don't walk up to any man, good or bad, and demand his name and business."

"What, to-night?"

"Yes, or any other night." A waiter was instantly made, and the crowd walked to the corner of Griswold street and Lafayette avenue. It halted there and the "detective" crossed over to the City Hall side to wait for a pedestrian and carry out the terms of the wager. It was late and the streets were quiet, but in a few minutes the click of heels was heard on the pavement and along came a chap with his hands in his pockets. When he was close enough the one in hiding stepped out and demanded:

"Hold on, sir—hold on!"

"What for?" was the cool reply.

"Because, sir, I want to know your name, residence and the business which calls you out at this hour of the night."

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, here they are all in a heap!" said the stranger, as he struck out and knocked the inquisitive chap so flat and cold that it took ten minutes' nursing to bring him to.

"Them's 'em, and I hope you feel better!" growled the stranger as he passed on, but his hope was in vain. The amateur detective never felt worse in his life. He isn't following suspicious characters closely enough to bother 'em any.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No humiliation is so crushing to a Mexican gentleman as to be caught on the street with even the most infinitesimal bundle in his hand. He considers it undignified to carry a letter home from the postoffice. All packages must be carried by servants. Fortunately the latter can be hired for twenty-five cents a day. This saves the Mexican gentleman from extinction.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The Catacombs of Rome.

You are taken down a long passage till you find yourself at the entrance of a gallery forty feet under the ground, and with lighted torches you walk through miles and miles of the dead, who as they have been lying here fifteen hundred years may be said to be very dead.

There is a series of subterranean corridors, a labyrinth which to traverse is only safe by those who know its intricate turnings and twistings.

The receptacles for the dead who lie in these subterranean cemeteries are niches in the walls of the passages, though occasionally when the deceased was of more than usual consequence, or one whom his friends considered more than common, he was embalmed and laid out in a sarcophagus all by himself. Inasmuch as his name is quite as much forgotten as those of lower degree, he is now no better off than the indistinguishable mass who repose higgledy-peggledly all together. After two thousand years it makes precious little difference where one is buried. It's all the same after a certain time has elapsed. It begins by strewn flowers on tombs, till the wife marries again or the children have spent the money the old gentleman painfully accumulated, then the dead are forgotten and its dust and ashes merely. One might as well have his dust and ashes mixed with the dust and ashes of a thousand others, as to have it separate in a sarcophagus, provided everybody has forgotten who is in the sarcophagus. And even if the name be remembered it doesn't make much difference to the deceased. Either in Heaven or the other place, what happens to his poor remains on earth, above or below, makes no difference to him.

The catacombs were originally Pagan burying places, but afterwards the Christians took possession of them. The inscriptions on some of the tombs are Pagan, but those of a later date are covered with the emblems of the new faith.

A tour through the catacombs is all very well if you could only go by yourself. A dozen miles more or less of corpses underground isn't a very cheerful thing to explore, and so, were you alone, you would merely look into the first passage, take a short excursion into the second, and diverge into some one of the chapels, and then get out into the fresh air where there is something besides death. But unfortunately you are always in a party, and some one in that party, always an old lady with spectacles, will insist upon making the tour of the entire business. After you have seen a half mile of mortality you have seen it all, for the next half mile is an actual repetition of the first, but she wants every inch of it and as the guide is paid for it he cannot refuse to conduct us, and as once in you cannot get out without the guide's assistance, you are booked for the entire trip. And so you go on wandering among through passages filled with the remains of the dead and as full of ghostly suggestions as an egg is of meat. The old lady stops and makes enquiries as to every individual niche she comes to, thinking she is possessing herself with information, every other member of the party wishing heartily that by some process she could be lost and the rest of us permitted to get out into the open air.

And when we emerge she immediately asks the guide if there are not more catacombs near by?

There are sixty of these catacombs in and about Rome, but they are all alike. It was an expensive way of interment to dig these frightful passages out of the solid rock, but it pleased the people of the day and its none of our business. The most of the graves are pictorially ornamented, and very bad pictures they are. However, one large class of visitors go into raptures over them, and they doubtless serve some purpose.—*D. R. Locke, in Toledo Blade.*

One of Belford's Stories.

The best of the Belford stories is enrent this week. Belford is a red-headed, red-bearded, red-nosed Congressman who has represented the great State of Colorado all alone for years in the lower House of Congress. He is a rough-and-ready wit of the wild Western variety, with a high-toned voice, a large and varied vocabulary, and some very remarkable gestures. Like every Congressman, he thirsts for fame. He knows good mines, good farms and good liquor when he sees them, holds his own at the bar, and in politics represents his State with commendable fidelity. He tells a good anecdote and a bad story occasionally, and reads Latin and Greek like an old-time professor. He was once counsel for the defendant in a Denver case in which Secretary Teller's brother was counsel for the plaintiff. The case was an interesting one, and both were excited. Belford was rather personal in his reply to Teller's opening speech. He made the jury and the audience laugh at some of Teller's little peculiarities. Teller said nothing. When he came to close, however, he devoted a few minutes specially to Belford. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "my brother here, Mr. Belford, has been seriously concerned on the subject of religion. It has cost him many wakeful nights. He has thought of it, talked of it, read of it. The other day he carried his fears and hopes to an old Baptist minister, his life-long friend. After a long conversation his friend said to him that he seemed to be in a very hopeful state. So well advanced was he that the good old man thought him worthy of baptism. 'That is the first ceremony upon admission to your church, is it not?' asked Belford. 'Yes,' said the venerable clergyman. 'And how will it be administered?' asked Belford. 'As is usual in our church,' said his friend, 'by immersion.' 'Then,' said Belford, 'very sorrowfully, I must stay outside; I could not consent to disappear so long from public view.' Belford had to join in the loudest laugh of that day.—*Washington Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

Men who were weighing a bale of cotton in Dallas, Tex., a few days ago noticed that it was warmer than the atmosphere. An examination proved that the center of the bale was on fire, and when it was opened the smouldering cotton burst into flames. There are two theories as to the origin of the fire, spontaneous combustion and a spark from the gin finding about equal support in local opinion.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—When once a dog has killed a sheep and got at the kidney fat he will go on killing.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Buckwheat, which has been injured by the frost, should be plowed under; its effects on next year's crops will, in all probability, pay for the loss sustained this year.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Fried potatoes: Peel and cut some fresh potatoes in slices; salt and let stand a few minutes; put enough lard in a frying-pan to allow the potatoes to float; only put in at one time as many slices as cover the surface; they should be put in when the lard is very hot and fried over a quick fire.—*Boston Post.*

—A nice sauce for tea can be made of figs. Let them soak in cold water or, better still, in a little sour cider, all night. Then let them boil gently until they are tender. Just before taking them from the fire add sugar to your taste. If you do not use cider, the juice of one or two lemons should be used to prevent the sauce from tasting insipid.—*Exchange.*

—In a horse a good and strong but quiet pulse beats forty times a minute, in an ox fifty to fifty-five, in sheep and pigs not less than seventy or more than eighty for ordinary health. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone. A rapid, hard, and full pulse in stock denotes high fever; a rapid, small, and weak pulse also fever, caused by a weak and poor state of the subject. A very slow pulse indicates brain disease, while an irregular one indicates trouble with the heart.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—One way to economize and to produce excellent results in cooking is to use suet in place of butter or lard. For many purposes it is better than either of these. Some people who object decidedly to cakes fried in lard relish them when suet is used for frying. Beef balls are very nice fried in suet. Round steak can be used for this. Chop the meat fine, season well with pepper and salt and any herb you may choose, shape them like flat balls with your hands, dip in egg and fine cracker, or bread crumbs, and fry in the hot suet.—*N. Y. Post.*

—D. D. T. Moore says that clover has never sold at a price near its worth for feeding on the farm, and though it probably draws from the subsoil much of the mineral matter it contains, yet it is necessary that it be returned, or diminished fertility and the failure of other crops will surely be the result. Fortunately, on all, except light sands, clover seed liberally sown will make a good catch, even where the soil is too poor for good hoed crops, and on the sandy soils the use of potash, which is a comparatively cheap fertilizer, will generally secure the success of the clover seeding.

Hot Water Treatment for Plants.

A correspondent calls our attention to the following from *The Garden*, and inquires whether there is anything in it: "The Florist asks, Has any one tried hot water as a restorative for sickly plants? and then proceeds to say that M. Willermoz some time since related that plants in pots may be restored to health by means of hot water. Ill-health, he maintains, ensues from acid substances in the soil, which, being absorbed by the roots, act as poison. The small roots wither and cease to act, and the upper and younger shoots consequently turn yellow and become spotted, indicative of their morbid state. In such cases the usual remedy is to transplant into fresh soil, in clean pots, with good drainage, and this often with the best results. But his experience of several years has proved the unflinching efficacy of the simpler treatment, which consists in watering abundantly with hot water at a temperature of about 145 degrees Fahrenheit, having previously stirred the soil of the pots so far as may be done without injury to the roots. Water is then given until it runs freely from the pots. In his experiments the water at first came out clear, afterward it was sensibly tinged with brown, and gave an appreciable acid reaction. After this thorough washing, the pots were kept warm, and the plants very soon made new roots, immediately followed by vigorous growth."

To our mind there is a great deal in it. We know to a certainty that sickly peach-trees are often restored to vigorous health by the old-fashioned German farmers of Pennsylvania, by pouring boiling water on the ground about the peach-trees. It cools, of course, somewhat, before reaching many of the roots. Here, however, it is believed to be beneficial by destroying parasitic insects and parasitic fungi, rather than chemically, as suggested by the extract. But let the reasoning be what it may, we are willing to endorse it as good practice.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

What Lands to Drain.

All lands that contain more water than is needed by the crops growing upon them. If you intend to raise corn or wheat, the land will need more draining than if intended for grass. Even grass lands need not be very wet, as if too wet the growth of aquatic plants and grasses takes the place of the cultivated grasses and ruins the hay and pastures.

Loose, porous soils, underlaid by sand or gravel are drained by nature; but all land that is underlaid by clay, rock or other impervious material, needs draining.

What is to be gained by underdrainage? The surface of the water in the soil is lowered. The roots of cereals and grasses may penetrate as far as to the surface of the water, but never into it. It is necessary to draw the water off to such a depth as will give the roots of growing crops plenty of room to reach downward for that nourishment that is necessary to their growth.

The lowering the water below the surface prevents a large amount of evaporation, and its effect is cooling the soil. The water being removed, air and warmth are admitted to the soil.

Drained lands are for this reason ready for planting at least one week earlier in the spring. The growth of crops is quickened through the summer by the increased temperature of the soil, which amount to several degrees, and the injurious effects of early frosts are prevented in the same manner. Crops are, therefore, given an increased period in which to make their growth of at least two weeks. This certainly is a very important gain.—*Indiana Farmer*

The Making of Steel Pens.

The steel pen is a modern invention, not fifty years having elapsed since it was introduced, and like many other innovations it met with much opposition and had a number of rivals. Of these the quill pen was the most formidable, and to this day the quills of geese are used by some old stagers. Pens of silver and of gold, the latter especially, have been great favorites with those who admire much flexibility in a pen, and the handy self-feeders, as the stylographic, have plenty of users. But, after all, the steel pen is the most generally used, and unlike most inventions, the method of its manufacture has been essentially changed or improved.

The steel from which pens are made is the finest crucible cast steel rolled into sheets 7-1000 of an inch thick. From this the blanks are cut by means of a punch and die in presses worked by hand or foot, the operators being girls. The side slits in the pen, the central oval or semi-circular hole, the corrugations or embossings, the curved or semi-circular form to the originally flat blank, and the stamp of the pen or the maker, are all formed and produced by similar means—the screw hand press or the lever foot press—by the use of punches and dies, each pen being handled separately.

These corrugations and slits and central cuts are not merely fanciful ornaments, but are intended to adapt the pen to the user. Some want a resisting pen, very stiff and allowing considerable pressure without opening the nibs wide enough to make a heavy mark; others a yielding pen that requires but a touch to open the nibs. Then there are many degrees of these qualities required, as well as differences in sizes; so that a single establishment make no less than forty-six styles of steel pens.

Of course, cast steel of such extreme tenacity becomes hardened by these successive pressings and punchings, and must be annealed. This is done by placing the blanks, or unfinished pens, in a cast iron box, which is then covered with a larger box leaving a space all around of half an inch, or more, which is filled with ashes or fine charcoal. The whole is then subjected to a glowing heat for about two hours, and allowed to cool. When annealed, these blanks may be rolled up by the fingers just like so many bits of tea leaf, which they much resemble in softness.

In heating for hardening the same method is used—packing in double boxes six or eight inches square—and when the pens are red hot, they are poured into a tank of animal oil. When taken out from this bath they must be handled carefully, as they are not only stiff and brittle, but crumbly; they can be squeezed to minute fragments between thumb and finger. They are then placed within a cone-shaped sheet iron receptacle open at the large end and mounted on a spindle, and rotated over a glowing fire until they turn to a full or "low" blue. They are then chilled in oil, and when cool are rattled in sawdust until they are quite clean and bright. The next process is the grinding of the nibs on the minute wheels of fine emery and of corundum, and lastly comes the essential process that completes the pen and makes it a pen—the slitting of the nibs. This is done by a pair of shears acting the same as the presses and punches. This splits the steel point to central hole without removing a particle of material. The pens are then lacquered, straw or brown, blue or blacked, or left bright, as the style demands, and packed for the market.—*Scientific American.*

Martyrs to Vanity.

Miranda has the loveliest arms you ever saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's. Her favorite attitude is sitting, with her right elbow in the palm of her left hand. She waves her hand when she speaks. At a dance her right arm is well displayed behind her partner's left, if he is tall, or on his shoulder, if he is small. Those beautiful arms have spoiled Miranda. She wears black, though it does not suit her complexion, because her arms look so white against it. She is always directing your attention to those unlucky ones, numerous enough, who have thin arms. Whoever marries her will have to be very careful never, under any circumstances, to admire another woman's arm. If he should make a slip in this direction there would, to use a good old phrase, be "wigs on the green."

Did you ever see such dear little feet? Or such perfectly turned ankles? Or more wonderful stockings? Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty. That is why she wears those flowered stockings and those little, pointed shoes. That is the reason her skirts are so unusually short. Lesbia is bright and clever. She is sensible about everything but feet. She is a trying girl to talk to. She will interrupt the most interesting conversation just when you think you are "both beginning to get on so well," to ask if you approve of high heels, or some other such leading question. She is like "Mr. Dick" with King Charles, and must drag the topic of feet into everything. It is a pity; and yet many prefer her to Nora, whose feet are well shaped enough, but has "no style." She talks merrily and pleasantly when you know her well, but is rather quiet with strangers. Not at all the sort of a girl to get on. Her voice is not sufficiently loud or imperious. She does not bustle about with an air as though the world was made for her. She wears pretty gowns, but does not bunch them out nor mince along with a soubrette-like trip, swaying her gown from side to side, as Lesbia does. In fact, she will never look anything "in a room," though she may be well enough as the presiding spirit of a home. She is hopelessly unfashionable.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well may she be, for it is the result of patient years of pain. She has laid on the shrine of that little waist many precious things—good health, good temper and good spirits. Having sacrificed the first, the two others followed as a matter of course. But, then, it is such a wonderful waist! It cannot measure more than seventeen inches at the very most. The pressure has made her nose permanently red. Not all the waters of Araby would make that nose white again; but what matters? Does it not belong to the

smallest waist in London? One thing immediately strikes the beholder. He wonders how so small a waist can possibly be so obtrusive. Were it two yards round it could not more aggressively insist on being noticed. Draperies are so arranged as to lead the eye down to it, and skirts are of such a fashion as to guide the eye up to it. Letitia walks with her elbows well out from her sides, so as to advertise in a pointed way the fact that your view is scarcely interrupted by her slight and well distributed figure. As she stands talking to you she puts a hand on either side of this wonderful waist, and appears to be curbing herself in, as it were. She wears the tightest of jackets, and never is seen in a dolman. She gets terribly cold in winter, because she will not wrap up. In fact, her whole existence is a burnt-offering to her waist. Were she to grow stout her object in life would be gone. Letitia denies herself even the gratification of an excellent appetite in the interest of a small waist—a self-sacrifice that would be noble in a better cause.

Mirza has the loveliest complexion in the world. Without it she would be a perfectly charming girl. With it she is quite a bore. If there is any wind she is unhappy, "because it makes my cheeks so rough." If the sun shines she is miserable, "because I tan so frightfully." If it is hot she grumbles, "I flush so painfully." If it is cold her cry is, "I can't go out to-day, for I get so blue in cold weather." Her cheeks are of such an indescribable texture that roughness has never yet invaded them; tanning never approaches them. She flushes the prettiest dainty pink you ever saw; and in cold weather a soft color rises in her face and a wistful look comes into her eyes that makes her quite adorable. Why, then, all these excuses? Simply because she thinks prevention better than cure, and is afraid of a thousand viewless enemies on her complexion's account. She is a martyr to her own consciousness.—*London Truth.*

Night-Hawks.

"How's that for a mouth?" asked a naturalist and sportsman of an *Enquirer* reporter, pointing to a mounted bird on the table. The bird was a mottled-brown specimen, about as long as a pigeon, with a mouth that stretched literally from ear to ear.

"How about the egg?" asked the reporter, noticing that it was in the bird's mouth.

"That's just the point," replied the bird man. "It's a night-hawk. No, they don't eat eggs; but that shows that bird exactly as I shot it, and thereby hangs a tale. Last summer I had an old darkey that I took out coon hunting with me to carry the truck, and one night as we were plowing through a hard lot of bush I told him to go ahead and hold the lantern. So he did, holding one of these bull's-eye lanterns just over his head. He was about three feet ahead of me, when all at once I heard a kind of a smash, and down went the old fellow, lantern, basket and all. For a few minutes he made it blue there, I can tell you, but finally he got up, swearing something had struck him with an egg; sure enough, his face was dripping with broken egg, and on the ground we found a night-hawk. She had flown at the light and struck the old man fairly in the face, knocking him out. The egg business puzzled me, however. But the next day when I was out I came suddenly on to a smooth spot, and saw a night-hawk throw herself on her side and begin to go lame. I knew there was something up, and the next minute I made out the nest and egg; but at the first move I made she darted at it, picked up the egg in her mouth, and flew away. I was determined to see how it was done, so I brought down my gun and shot her on the wing, and I found her dead with the egg in her mouth.

"Wonderful?" I should say so. You see the night-hawks are supposed to have little or no intelligence, but this fact shows them to have more than the average maternal affection. But this isn't all. About two weeks later I was out again in about the same spot, and saw my dog pointing. Wishing to make a sketch, if possible, of various birds under point, I stole up on the dog, and for a moment was disposed to give her a clubbing, as there wasn't a thing in sight, only a bed of brown leaves and moss. But as the dog kept pointing I looked closely, and soon made out another night-hawk, and while I was looking the bird picked up what looked like a mole, and flew heavily away. I brought it down, and in its mouth was a young one about as large as a mouse. So, you see, they carry off both eggs and young."

"Is this the use of the large mouth?" asked the reporter.

"Partly, I think," was the reply. "But it is adapted to their method of obtaining food, which is on the wing. You notice about dusk, and in the evening, the gnats, mosquitoes and various insects swarm in flocks as big as your head; the night-hawk feeds on them, and dashes into a swarm, taking in hundreds at a time; hence they are of the greatest value in reducing our mosquito crop, and should never be injured. But this using their mouths to carry off their eggs and young probably surprises you, and to tell the truth, two-thirds of the people I have shown it to thought I was playing on their susceptibilities, so to speak; but fortunately for me, the curious performance has been observed by other sportsmen and naturalists. This same thing was witnessed by Audubon in the night-hawk known as the Chuck-Wills Widow. He approached the nest, and the male and female threw themselves at his feet, ruffling their feathers and showing every evidence of distress, and when he continued to approach each bird seized an egg in its mouth and flew away.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A "Gentle Employment Bureau" is to be established at Denver. It is doubtless to be for the convenience of unemployed gentlemen who would be willing to accept positions where the work is light, and where the punctual drawing of a liberal salary would be duly appreciated. Something of the kind is needed in every city.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The flavor and color of pears is said to be better if they are picked before they are quite ripe, and allowed to ripen in a dry and warm chamber.

The Elements of Palmistry.

To begin with the fingers. The variations of these are not numerous, and any hand may be referred to one of some three or four types. There are the pointed fingers, where the finger tips are small and conical and the fingers themselves sleek and soft. They are no uncommon possession and admit of no doubt when they are found. It is said that they indicate a dreamy disposition, a tendency to poetize and to speculate. Men with such hands are enthusiasts and orators, have the gift of imagination very prodigally bestowed upon them, but at the expense of common sense and knowledge of the world. Such hands are claimed for Shakespeare, Schiller and Goethe, and certainly possessed by Victor Hugo and George Sand. With the soft fingers and conical tips there is no necessary alliance. The fingers may be sleek and the tips may be square. And this combination gives us another class of character. Here we have the tendency to art and poetry, but better under control. They are instructive rather than imaginative. The fine frenzy gives place to an eye for symmetry and an ear for rhythm, and the types are to be found in Moliere, Poussin, Vauban and Turenne. It is a pity that we have no living examples. Portrait painters a century ago had a fashion of taking the face from the sitter and the hands from a favorite model. Vandyck's warriors, diplomatists and courtiers had all precisely the same kind of fingers. The fingers may be even more than square. They may be spatulous, widened and rounded at the end like a chemist's blender or an artist's palette knife. This is a very practical hand indeed, widely removed from the dreamer and the visionary—the hand of a man fond of movement and of action, the hand of a man fond of horses and dogs and hunting and warfare, or, if he is more peaceable, of commerce and mechanism; a man of order and of contrivance, a merchant, a financier, or, it may be, only a churchwarden. The spatulous hand is generally found supplied with large finger knots, but where the fingers have no predominant joints the artistic character prevails. Men act from impulse rather than from knowledge or reason. It is not laid down, however, that the tendency of rheumatism is to convert poets into politicians, though it painfully develops the knots of the fingers. Lastly, there is a general rule that large hands deal best with detail and short ones with general effect. It would be interesting to test this by examining the hands of the Royal Academicians.

But the art descends into minutest detail. Each of the fingers has its special characteristic, and a system of mythological nomenclature has been adopted based on the attributed distinctions. The fingers known to us as first, second, third and little are called respectively Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo and Mercury, and if it is thought that we are getting into the region of the fantastic, it is only fair to the Professor that his statement across the palm of the hand a series of little cushions or hills; one at the base of each finger but a little way from the thumb. Character lies in these, and the character may be told by their examination. The first finger indicates ambition. If the mound is large, its owner will have a love of power coupled with a desire to shine, great gavity, some pride, tendency to superstition, and a fondness for nature. If the mound be wanting, the life is one without dignity, the tastes are common, and the man is narrow, selfish and interested. The second finger is said to control his life, as it shows the extent of his prudence and the probability of his success. But if the mound be preternatural he is to look for silence and solitariness—a Hamlet-kind of disposition, verging on asceticism. The third finger, however, supplies us with more cheerful reflection. It is the finger of the arts. It shows the presence of genius and probability of fame. The man with a large mound near his third finger will be amiable and hopeful—a delightful companion and an excellent friend. But if the mound be excessive the results are disastrous. A love of notoriety converts the life into vainglorious existence, with a tendency to avarice and certain direction toward envy. Lastly we come to the little finger. It is the finger of invention, of industry, of quickness, of ingenuity—the finger, probably that makes us a nation of shopkeepers. It is the finance finger, and an excessive mound might even be found among the less attractive types of the British bankrupt, as it indicates sharp practice, disastrous acuteness, dishonestly, trickery and a love of evasion.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Do Telephones Hurt the Hearing?

Physicians all over the country have begun to speculate upon the effect of the telephone upon the ear and the sense of hearing. Now that the telephone has become an important part of a business office, capable, in fact, of performing what amounts to messenger, if not clerical work, it is almost in constant use. What effect then the use of the instrument has upon the ear is but a natural and as an extremely interesting question.

The physicians of Springfield have been particularly interested in this subject, and the *Republican* of that city has devoted some attention to it. It appears from interviews with these physicians that several cases have come up where in the ear of the patient is diseased from varying causes, and it is found that using the telephone aggravates the trouble. Where inflammation has set in, the ear is rendered useless, nature providing that any muscle when inflamed shall cease to act. It is obvious in such cases that the telephone may simply prolong and increase the inflammation, thereby indirectly damaging the hearing. The old case, cited in so many "doctors' books," of the boiler makers who are made deaf by their own pounding, can now be put in new shape, for even a sound ear might easily be ruined by constantly receiving the vexatious crackling and boiling of the telephone. This excess may be technically phrased as nervous exhaustion from a continuous shock. Furthermore, the analogy between the mechanism of the eye and that of the ear may be cited to show that the straining of the ear to catch the faint or indistinct words of the telephone may damage the hearing, as straining the eye impairs vision.

But most of the evidence gathered to support these theories tend to combat them. Thus it appears that many people who have telephones in their houses or places of business, and use them frequently, find their hearing bettered. The best testimony, however, comes from the central office. At each switch-board sits an operator, generally a girl, who from morning till night haggles with unreasonable subscribers and patiently goes through the everlasting formula till her head fairly rings with "hallo" and "all right" and "go ahead." She gets small pay for her trying work, surely not a sufficient compensation for loss of hearing. But her testimony is that her hearing is constantly improving. When she began this work she blundered sadly; now the ear is drilled to catch the faintest sound, and her sense of hearing is remarkably acute. It must be noticed that the regularity of this schooling of the ear is largely responsible for the good result. If an operator were to take a switch-board only one day in the week and do all the work required on that day, the practice would doubtless be detrimental, because it would be exhaustive to both the muscular and the nervous make-up of the ear. The systematic use of the telephone seems to develop the hearing above its normal acuteness, but does not make it technically abnormal. One benefit from using the telephone is evident to both subscribers and central office operators, that of cultivating the attention, a process which is reckoned as the third or intellectual method of developing the sense of hearing. A good share of the difficulty which people find in working a telephone comes not from any defect in the machine, nor from deficient hearing, but from inability to fix the attention on what is heard. This trouble readily disappears by practice in listening closely to what is said over the wire. Indeed, the attention may be trained to an abnormal development, as in the case of the head operator at the central office, who has been in the telephoning business for four years; she has so accustomed herself to fix her attention on the machine before her, and to abstract her attention from her surroundings, that when she is in her home she often fails to hear when she is addressed by members of the family.

Now that the subject has been opened for discussion, it will undoubtedly be indulged in by the prominent physicians as well as by the medical journals of the country.—*New Haven Register.*

Croatia.

The supremacy of the Hungarian Government has been restored at Agram. Its esutheons have been replaced on the public buildings of that city, and the bi-lingual inscriptions in Hungarian and Croat restored to their places. Although order has not yet been completely restored in Croatia, the effervescence among the peasantry seems to be gradually subsiding, and the ordinary quiet province of Croatia will no doubt soon become what it has hitherto been, one of the most tranquil parts of the Austrian dominions. Now, therefore, that the insurrection is practically at an end, it is worth while to attempt to study its cause. In the first place it is evident that the affair of the esutheons was only a pretext, and that the movement was only a national one, but Socialistic in its aims and objects. A wave of Socialism has burst over Croatia, and although in reality a very small wave, it was large enough to give the Austrian Government a great deal of trouble. The Croatian peasantry are miserably poor, and disinclined to emigration, and these facts are sufficient of themselves to account for a considerable amount of discontent. In the second place, there is reason to believe that foreign intrigues, well supplied with money, have been endeavoring for some time past to excite disaffection in various parts of the Austrian Empire. The recent riots in Hungary proper, as well as in Croatia, have been, it is believed, fomented with foreign money, and suspicion points to Russia as the Nation most interested in promoting the disruption of the Austrian Empire. Be this as it may, it is evident that the funds for insurrection were not obtained within the realm of Austria-Hungary, but are of extraneous origin. The third and ostensible cause of the Croatian disturbances, the supremacy of Hungary over Croatia, can scarcely be considered as a real grievance. Croatia has its own local Parliament, Croats are appointed to all local Government offices, and it practically enjoys self-government of the most complete kind. The only real tie connecting Croatia with Hungary is that the former sends Deputies to the latter, a privilege which the Croats, at least, would scarcely care to relinquish. The only visible marks of the inscriptions in the Magyar language on Croatian public buildings. As these have been the pretext for recent disturbances, it is probable that they will be removed, now that the supremacy of the law has been asserted, and that henceforth the Croatian peasant will not be compelled to read anything but his dearly beloved Slavonic dialect, when he can read at all, which is not always the case. The truth is that the majority of the peasantry of Western Europe, whether in Hungary, Croatia, Russia, or elsewhere, are poor, ignorant and burdened with debt; and until this triple curse is removed, they will always fall an easy prey to political agitators, who tell half-famished men that they have but to stretch forth their hands to become rich, and that their neighbors' goods are lawful spoil.—*Paris American Register.*

The performances by the Davenport brothers and other spirits are clumsy compared with the acts of the far Northwest Indians. The conjurers are legion that will permit themselves to be bound, not merely hand and foot, but the whole body swathed with thongs, withes, ropes, and rawhides, and afterward tied up in a net, and then release themselves almost instantly on being placed in a little "medicine lodge" of skins constructed for the purpose, the bonds being thrown out through an opening in the top, without a knot apparently disturbed.—*Chicago Times.*

The skeleton of William H. Lee, who murdered his wife nine years ago and suddenly disappeared, has been discovered near Forestville, Sonoma County, Cal.

The Animalcule Theory.

Not long ago certain members of the medical profession were exciting considerable attention through the alleged results of their researches in the matter of living organisms in the blood and mucous secretions. They inoculated rabbits and other animals with the supposed inhabited substances and killed them with consumption and fever and ague and other diseases at will. Dr. Koch elaborated the theory that by the employment of a certain kind of animalcule he could exterminate the deadly species in consumptive patients and save their lives. Such, it was argued, was the philosophy of vaccination. The only difficulty to be surmounted was to secure the right kind of warriors. The secret had been solved in the case of small-pox—why might it not be in the case of pulmonary complaints and that somewhat diffuse and indefinite malady, called malaria? The theory was advanced that all disease was caused by the presence of animalcules, and then it was discovered that the blood of healthy persons was inhabited as well as that of the diseased. This was an obstacle to the establishment of the new theory, but it was disposed of in the minds of some by the idea that a difference in species had everything to do with it.

It now turns out that the bacteria or bacilli claimed in this case to belong to the animal kingdom are not animals at all, but particles of fibrine rendered lively by the electrical influences. A Buffalo doctor has been manufacturing some of them by a process which no living organism would be likely to come out of alive. He boiled some fibrine several hours a day for ten days, then baked it in an oven for three hours, then burned it black and pulverized it, and then treated it with alcohol. The report of the experiment says that the powder of this burned mass yielded millions of the so-called spherical bacteria or micrococci in various forms. In comparing these under a microscope with the objects alleged to be alive in the blood, they appeared identical in every particular. It looks very much as if the medical profession were wise in being conservative as to the adoption of the theory of Koch and others. It must be confessed that however desirable it may be to cure consumption by means of a warfare between animalcules or otherwise, the average individual feels some relief to know that he is not a traveling menagerie. The course of thought involved in such a supposition occasionally developed into the hallucination that the human figure was simply a conglomeration of living beings something after the manner of a hanging swarm of bees, the component members being immeasurably smaller.

We are not informed whether this Buffalo experiment is considered final or not, and a desire naturally arises to have the point cleared up as to what the rabbits and other animals experimented on by Koch died of. The fallibility of medical experiments of this character is certainly indicated, as well as a readiness in the scientific mind to jump at conclusions occasionally.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Self-Imposed Risks.

Railroads are built for a well defined specific purpose, which does not include their use for pedestrianism. This principle is so well recognized in Europe that it is made by law a penal offense—in England and in some Continental countries—for persons to walk on the tracks. In this country there are portions of railroad tracks, particularly in the vicinity of manufacturing, that are so constantly trodden that the earth has become almost as solid as a pavement. The railroad managers put up warning signs, but they are disregarded, and once in a while "an awful accident" horrifies the community; a man or a woman walking on the track is torn to pieces by the remorseless locomotive, one track having a train coming in one direction and another track one going in the other direction, a step on to either track being probably fatal. There is a curve under a high bank, in close vicinity to a railroad depot, which is occupied by two important railroads with their network of tracks, and at no hour of the day are all these tracks clear. This curve leads to large manufacturing, and the roadbed is the common route of at least two thousand workmen twice if not three times a day. On account of the killing of two persons who were walking the track, the railroad companies were blamed and the managers put up warning signs—as far as they could go in prohibition, in the lack of law, with its penalties and enforcements. Yet the use of the track is in no wise abated for a pedestrian until a law, that shall be enforced, compels these riskers of life and limb to use the general and public highway, that is a trifle longer but is absolutely safe.

In many of our railroad stations—"union depots"—several trains on different roads meet, or else they pass with only a moment's interval. Crossings from side to side of such a station is very common; sometimes by persons carrying loads of baggage. Miscellaneous, the speed of a locomotive, even at its slowing-up pace, perhaps gauging its velocity by that of a horse, they are overtaken unexpectedly, and if not killed are seriously hurt.

The getting on to cars when in motion is another method of risking limb and life without proper cause. The feat of swinging on to a railroad car in motion, which looks so easy and so graceful when practiced by an agile conductor or an ambitious brakeman, is one difficult to the occasional traveler; and yet there are plenty of men who think it shows a sort of independence to wait until the train starts before saying good-by to friends.

Probably the foolish practice of jumping from an arriving train before it comes to a stop is the occasion of a large number of vexatious if not of serious accidents. It is still practiced, however, by those who learn nothing either by experience or by observation.—*Scientific American.*

Rufus Weston, of Stafford Springs, Conn., an old-time singing-school teacher, has died, aged sixty-eight years. He followed his profession for about fifty years, and claimed to have taught nearly five hundred schools and forty thousand pupils.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Wendell Phillips is seventy-two years of age, and is not in good health. He refuses to lecture.—*Boston Herald.*

The *Detroit Evening Journal* alludes to Mr. Sittling Bull as a "distinguished relic of aboriginal greatness."—Peter Hayden, of New York, is worth \$10,000,000. He is eighty years of age, while his heir is only two years of age.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Levi McCormick, who has served for thirty-two years as a conductor on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, has been retired by the company on full pay for the rest of his life.—*Philadelphia Press.*

An eccentric individual of Dooly County, Georgia, is seventy-six years old, but has never in the whole course of his life spent one night from under the roof of the house in which he was born.—*St. Louis Post.*

James H. Beard, the noted painter of animals, was asked on Broadway whether a lady who was passing was not beautiful. "Yes," he said, "she is as beautiful as a cow." He meant this as a sincere compliment.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mr. John C. Jennings, Mayor of Salt Lake City, appears and talks like an Englishman. He is a Mormon, has two wives, and is a large stockholder in the co-operative store, which has a business of \$2,000,000 a year.—*Chicago Journal.*

Mary Cain, seven years old, of Hamilton, Ont., lighted the fires, chopped the wood, got breakfast, scrubbed the floors and made garden, and yet her parents abused her, and finally turned her into the street. A wealthy lady found her, and, as the child's father said he did not care for her, a Magistrate gave the little one to the lady for adoption.—*Chicago Herald.*

Weir, the painter of the great picture in the rotunda of the White House, "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," still lives in New York, enjoying a green old age, at eighty-five. He is on a list which seems to be preservative of life—the retired list of the army. After more than forty years' service, as instructor at the Military Academy, he was in 1876 placed on the retired list with the rank and pay of a Colonel of cavalry.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The ages of the five oldest members of the Newton family, of Woodbridge, Conn., aggregate 397 years, the oldest being eighty-five and the youngest seventy-five. Another living member of the family is sixty-five years of age. Five of the family live within half a mile of one another; the sixth lives about a mile and a half from the others. The family has always lived in Woodbridge, and the homestead, which is of the family's founding, has been in its possession 140 years.

In Greenville, says a correspondent of the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times, "the late President, Andrew Johnson, lived, as a tailor, alderman, legislator, and President, and here he is buried. The shop in which he labored as tailor now stands in the eastern part of the town. Just over the entrance to the shop, which is a small frame building, and in which a colored family is now living, is a pine board, upon which is written, in letters now almost erased by rain and storm, the following: 'A. Johnson, Tailor.' A little out from the western border of the town stands the monument of marble which marks the resting place of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

The fact is not generally known that Edward I. was the original crowned Ed. of Europe.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Proctor can see in the moon a volcano with a crater forty miles wide. Old Earth might as well shut her mouth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A lady of this city recently filled her lamp with gasoline and since then she has not benzine.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

The time of the young ladies is divided into two parts. Half of the time they wait for the mails, and the other half for the males.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A preventive of typhoid fever is to boil the drinking-water, and a preventive of dyspepsia is to drink the boiling water. A matter of choice as well as of taste.—*Hartford Post.*

A scientist says that in the moon a hickory nut falling from a bough would crash through a man like a minic ball. That settles it. We shall never go to the moon to gather hickory nuts.—*Norristown Herald.*

Professor to class in surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student: "Limp, too."—*German Joke.*

We read in an exchange of a young lady having been made crazy by a sudden kiss. This should teach young ladies to be constantly expecting something of that kind, and to be prepared for it when it comes.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"What are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied, "it's hardly funny enough for two."—*N. Y. Independent.*

Shooting Tenant: "There's not much here besides grouse, is there?" Keeper: "Ay, ye'll get a mixture' whiles! There was an English gentleman here at killit a dowie, and cockit the bannet off o' a laddie, an' nearhaun' baggit the laird 'imself in a' a day."

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, provoked by one of Brown's speeches, "I think you should be a base ball player." "What do you mean by that?" asked Brown. "Because," replied Mrs. B., "you are always putting me out." This was too much. Brown caught his better half in his arms and declared that he would make a home run as often as possible thereafter.—*Boston Transcript.*

A man in London was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for throwing and smashing the glass. Of course when a man breaks a window he should be punished; but a month's imprisonment seems pretty severe for a little thing like that. Perhaps the fact that the infant was killed may have had something to do with the severity of the sentence.—*Norristown Herald.*

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That uncorrupted King of every Democratic heart,

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in Humiliation,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Richard Eels, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed Judge Hargis—subject to the action of the Democracy of the First Appellate District.

The soldiers of the 22nd Kentucky, Federal, regiment will have a re-union at Grayson to-day.

Gov. Knott has appointed delegates to the Farmers' Congress of the United States, which meets in Louisville December 5th.

SUNSET Cox says "you might as well expect to run a powder mill in hell as an honest government with an overflowing treasury."

The jury in the suit of Hallet Kilbourne against John G. Thompson, at Washington, for false imprisonment, gave the plaintiff a verdict for \$60,000.

MAHONEY got his jaws slapped Tuesday in Petersburg, and took it like a little man. The man who did the slapping will have no trouble in getting office in future.

KIRTLAND M. FITCH, cashier of the Warren, O., Second National Bank, pleaded guilty to embezzling \$80,000 and was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

A WASHINGTON woman who was acquitted of murder on the grounds of insanity, some time ago, has just married her lawyer. There is undoubtedly insanity somewhere in the crowd.

SINCE the Massachusetts election, we are now more inclined than ever to believe that Ben Butler really stole those spoons at New Orleans. The old thief will now join the Republicans.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR believes the fate of the Republicans in 1884 will turn upon Mahoney's success in Virginia. Now we wonder what he thinks of the outlook, governing himself by his own logic.

Gov. KNOTT says he would rather pardon a man who had killed another in sudden heat and passion than one who makes a walking arsenal of himself, and go around with a pistol in his pocket.

GEN. GRANT has written Gen. Fitz John Porter a most hearty and cordial letter, concluding as follows: "I hope for your thorough vindication, not only by Congress, but in the minds of your countrymen."

BEN BUTLER having been snowed under Tuesday, it may be calculated that he will cause no annoyance in the next National Democratic Convention. He may possibly though lead the Temperance party.

IN a fight in Danville, Va., between white and colored men, two white men were mortally wounded and five negroes were killed. It is supposed several, who were able to get away, were wounded more or less severely.

CHES ARTHUR is advertised as keeping a picture of the Langtry in his bed chamber. Evidently Mr. Arthur has less soaring aspirations than Mr. Wales. The prince would never be contented with the counterfeit presentment.

PADDY RYAN has agreed to fight Slade, the Maori, with bare knuckles, for \$2,500 a side. Richard K. Fox, will arrange the details. The fight is to be decided within 100 miles of New Orleans or Omaha, in February or March, 1884.

With the retirement of General Sherman, the title of "General," created by congress expressly for Grant, and extended to Sherman, expires. Sheridan, by advancements to the head of the army, acquires no new title, but he remains as now, lieutenant general subject only to the orders of the president.

THE Matrimonial Globe, of Chicago, is on our desk. It is a quaint paper, devoted to the interests of the matrimonial inclined and the fun-loving element. It is filled with advertisements of girls and widows wanting husbands, and young men and widowers wanting wives. All in all, it is a peculiar journal, adapted to the wants of the giddy. Price, \$1.00 per annum.

SPEAKING of death, Bob Ingersoll says: "If I could not make a world without death in it I would go out of the business. Think," said he, "of starting railroad trains every day, or every hour of the day, or every minute of the day and wrecking every one of them! What kind of an engineer would that man be? Yet every human that is launched is doomed to terminate in pain and misery!"

Tuesday's Elections.

Elections were held in ten states Tuesday. The states of New York, Massachusetts, Virginia and Pennsylvania—the extremely doubtful states were watched with great interest. Both parties claimed that they were going to carry them big. The returns are very unsatisfactory to both parties, but less to the Republicans. New York has elected a Republican Secretary by about 20,000, on account of local prejudices against the Democratic candidate. The other State officers are Democratic. The Senate is nineteen to thirteen in favor of the Republicans. These nineteen Republicans will elect Lapham's successor in the United States Senate, and it now looks as if Ex-Gov. A. B. Cornell would be the man, he having about two-thirds of the Senators in his favor as against the friends of Roscoe Conkling. The Republicans will have a majority of sixteen in the Assembly.

Ben Butler got badly left in Massachusetts, but the Democracy doesn't care for that. He will now probably leave the party as suddenly as he came into it.

In Virginia, the Democracy has much to be proud of. The renegade Mahoney is shelved for good. The good people of that State arose in all their glory and wiped him from the earth. He may go in peace with Butler, and may the devil never hear their cries for mercy. The majority is a large one.

New Jersey elected a Democratic Governor and both branches of the Legislature.

Maryland elected a Democratic Governor by about 12,000 majority, and the Legislature is Democratic by 14 to 12 in the Senate and 63 to 28 in the House.

Pennsylvania wheeled back into the Republican ranks by 15,000, but Mississippi is still Democratic by a rousing majority.

Connecticut, as usual, elected Republican representatives, as did also Minnesota and Nebraska.

The election as a general one, was only a partial Democratic victory, and one filled with mistakes, which, when corrected, will lead to raising a National victory in most all of the doubtful states in '84.

In the meantime, should Mr. Tilden still insist on refusing the Presidency, we will look to Ohio, and in the person of Geo. B. Hoadley, we will find our next President.

ARTHUR will not be the first Republican to pass from a high position with a fishing-pole into obscurity. There was what's-his-name, you know, who was vice-president with Hayes, or whatever his name was.—[Breckenridge News.]

J. C. OCEIL, Register of the Land Office, is now going to be sued by Mr. Allnut, of Louisville, for damages, for not keeping his promise to make him one of his clerks. Mr. Cecil, it seems, was rather lavish with his promises, but was slow to fulfill in several cases. He wanted the office real bad, and didn't care how he got it, regardless of the great after-claps.

The aged parents of Frank Steele, the Woodford county heartless murderer, made pathetic pleadings before Governor Knott Tuesday afternoon for the pardon of their son, but, after the noble man listened to their pleadings through, he firmly but kindly replied in the negative, saying that justice is all that the Executive could accord. Their son was then placed within the prison walls for life.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says a constitutional clause might as well be tried for the prohibition of total depravity, as the suppression of intemperance. Henry is dumfounded and worried over the Republican disaster in Ohio, and, like the Commercial Gazette, has never stopped kicking himself. He should take somebody on his knee again and divert his mind from politics; he's entirely too irritable out of his natural orbit.

NEXT to death, men most dread to pay for newspapers. There are a few men who, though high-toned and honorable in all things else, will act scaly on that one thing alone, and they know not why they do it. They go on the principle that merchandise applied to the body and stomach alone are valid debts, while that which is applied to the mind is invalid. School books come in the same category with newspapers in their estimation.

THE Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, having falsely published that a couple were married the other day in Fleming county, this state, in a state of nudity, a bare statement of the naked facts in the case is all that is necessary to correct the falsehood, which grew out of the fact that the name of the bridegroom is Naked while that of the bride was Bare. Of course she was not Naked until after the marriage ceremony was performed. Some papers can not be too careful in their statements, and the Commercial-Gazette is one of them.—[Breckenridge News.]

MILLERSBURG.

Joe Carter, the barber, has gone to Cincinnati to live.

Harry Conway left for Missouri, to make his future home.

James Letton's fine Norman stallion died last week, from botts.

Josh Barton will hold his annual sale of shorthorns at Chicago, next week.

Nick Worthington is so far convalescent as to be able to walk around his room.

Joe Patten, who has been off duty and at home to-day sick, reported some little better.

Several persons were too late, and found the church doors locked as in the parable.

Dr. Hurst was summoned by telegraph Tuesday, to visit Mrs. Boyd, at Carlisle, who is very ill.

John McClintock rode his bicycle to the Blue Licks (13 miles) in an hour and fifteen minutes.

Henegar Hunt is on his way to Colorado, via Florida. He will leave next week "if that hand comes."

Jimmie Butler was one of the ushers at the wedding. One of the girls said: "don't you feel sorry?" &c.?

Dink Becraft's marriage takes place on the 20th, and a reception will be given him at his father's, the 22nd.

John Mock thinks that this country is too healthy for his business, and speaks of going to Florida, later in the winter.

The dude says the wedding was a success. For thrilling particulars, see the Mercury and Kentuckian about a month from now.

Two barbers belong here, but old "Rabbit" Conway had to scrape hair and hide for the dudes who attended the wedding Wednesday.

All burglars are hereby forewarned not to break into Mrs. Hayes' residence. She has purchased a new hand bell to ring them away with.

Joe Buff and your uncle Henry Hawkins were detained in bonds of \$100, to keep good and quiet until next Circuit Court, for house-breaking.

Dear Rube: You remind me of a small fiste at a big dog picnic. You are too small to be out. Better hunt you a little stump nearer home to snell.

Col. Oliver advertised the wedding largely, by saying that the Bell organ and Mooney harp would be there and the Royal tiger with a short tail.

John Leer, formerly of this place, was recently thrown from a wagon in Texas, and his neck was broken. He was a son of Capt. David Leer, and a brother of J. H. Leer, now of Woodford county.

When the marshal went to the cage to bring out Buff and Hawkins, the key broke off in the lock, and the services of a smith were required to open the door.

Geo. H. Hardman, who was educated here in the same classes with Bob Moore, Mitch Tugate and others, and is now running a farm and dairy near Winchester.

Prof. Jordan, formerly of the K. W. C., at this place, with his wife, arrived here Tuesday evening, to visit friends about a week. He is the guest of A. McClintock's family.

An old fellow died in this vicinity on one occasion, who was so blamed stingy he had pockets put in his shroud and then walked to the grave to save the undertaker's bill.

The Presbyterian ladies are going to lay the turkey question before the people Thanksgiving day in the most practicable manner. They will ask that a few words be said over oysters and other good things at the same time, also.

It is alleged (mark the word "allege") that Harmon D. Ayers Stitt, will, at a very early day, tangle himself up in matrimonial harness with a Missouri Maud Muller, at about such time as he will want to return, thanks for small favors.

Johnnie McClintock has three pockets named as follows: "Important," and "Very Important," and "High-Peculiar." The two first are for the storage of Jersey and other stock letters, while the latter is the bonded warehouse for those dear, sweet little missives which smell like a woman going to meetin'.

Rev. Jos. Young and Prof. D. B. Batson, formerly of the K. W. College here, are both enjoying the rank of major, at the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort. A News representative met Major Young and his wife at Frankfort, last Friday, and they reported their school in a very flourishing condition.

A reporter with his head out of the sand—or an egg shell, rather, will merrily ring the marriage bells and shove orange blossoms under the noses of the Kentuckian and Mercury readers next week, in such style as will make Joe Meddell, of the Chicago Tribune, go out behind a hen house and weep. There's something so refreshing in reading a thoroughly reported country wedding, even if it does come late. He'll give us that same old racket about "One of those delightful events in which the happiness of a trusting love finds glad fruition in wedded bliss, and the marriage bells were made to ring out merrily, telling the star-lit skies a joyful tale of love's triumphs," &c.

"B'ER WOLFE."
POSTED—Notice is hereby given that I posted my farm, adjoining Millersburg, according to all the forms of law, and all persons are forbidden to hunt or fish or trespass in any way on said farm. I will enforce the law against all offenders—WHITE and BLACK.
Oct. 17th 1883. ALEX. MCCLINTOCK.

Ex-Gov. RHNDOLPH, of New Jersey, died at Morristown of heart disease Wednesday morning.

BOURBON FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY—ONE OF THE best farms in Bourbon, containing 250 acres. It's improvements are second to none. But little of it been plowed of late years. Barn room enough for 10 acres of tobacco; stone and post-rail fence; close to school; stone college, churches, &c. It is one of the most desirable homes in the county. It must be seen to be appreciated. Come and see it; I want to sell it in 24 of a mile of North Middletown postoffice. Write for particulars.
R. W. OWEN.

PUBLIC SALE!

HAVING sold my farm, I will sell to the highest bidder, on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, November 21st, the following personalty: 4 or 5 horses, among which are 2 heavy work horses and 1 combined horse; 5 or 6 grade heifers; 1 grade Jersey; 51 breeding ewes; 2 lambs; 2 bucks; 3 pure bred Poland China sows; 3 shoats; 2 ricks of clover hay; 100 barrels of corn; 75 bushels of wheat; 1 combined reaper and mower; 12-horse wagon; all my farming implements, gearing, &c.
Terms.—Four months credit will be given on all sums of \$20 and over, under that amount, cash. All notes made negotiable and payable at Deposit Bank, Carlisle, Ky. Sale begins at 10 o'clock, a. m.
nov21-4t C. COLLIVER.

TRY OUR NEW BRANDS

— OF —

Roller Process Flour.

"J. E. M."
"ARCTIC."
"CRYSTAL."
"EXCELSIOR."
"OLD GOLD."

Jas. FEE & SON,
GROCERS.

Turkeys! Turkeys!!

I DESIRE to inform the turkey-raising public, that I want an unlimited number of fat, plump, corn-fed bluegrass turkeys such as I ship every season to the New York and Boston market. For such, I will pay the highest market price, delivered on foot. oct30-4t W. W. GILL, Paris, Ky.

TURKEYS WANTED.

Having an old and well-established turkey trade in Boston and other Eastern cities, I still desire to supply their insatiable demands with the Kentucky-raised birds. I do not care whether they are corn, bluegrass or slop-fed—just so they are fine fat birds. I will do the same by the trade this year that I have always done—pay the highest market price in cash.
I will receive and slaughter at Paris, Richmond and Flemingsburg.
nov2-4t O. A. GILMAN.

PARIS PLANING MILLS.

GEO. B. MINTER, - - MANAGER.

SOLICIT orders for Doors, Sash, Blinds, Moulding, brackets, Flush Timber and Prepared carpentry. Will not contract the erection of houses.

Orders for lumber or mill-work may be sent per telephone from Overly & Co.'s office on Bank Row.
J. M. THOMAS, Proprietor.

HOTEL FOR SALE.

HAVING DETERMINED TO MIGRATE to Texas, I will offer at private sale the BOURBON HOUSE, the principal hotel property of Paris. The house is large, roomy and located in the old and business portion of the city, and has a fine paying trade. Will sell the house and fixtures at a bargain. For full particulars, call on address HENRY TURNER, Proprietor.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

I desire to sell at private sale, my residence at Shawhan's, Bourbon county, (lately the property of Richard Rube), and my lot where the store recently burned from. The residence is an elegant frame cottage of the latest improved plan and is in No. 1 repair; good garden and yard, and is well watered. The store-lot has a good foundation on which to build, and is a splendid stand for a country store. I sold \$22,000 worth of goods at the store in eleven months. For full particulars, address the undersigned.
A. M. KELLER, Shawhan, Ky.

Light NEW HOME—A—
Running NEW HOME Specialty

It is peculiarly adapted to the wants of Tailors, Dressmakers, Seamstresses, Manufacturers of Clothing, Shirts, &c.

The Large Space under the Arm; Large Bobbin; Double Feed; Ease of Running; Facility for Threading the Machine; Quick Self-setting Needle; Automatic Tension; Device for winding the Bobbin without running the Machine, &c.
ISAAC CLAY, AGT., Paris, Ky.

GRINDING.

While Bro. Shaw is torn down, I will grind corn on Wednesdays and Saturdays for customers.
J. M. THOMAS.

FRESH OYSTERS!

I am receiving direct from Baltimore FRESH OYSTERS from the old reliable house of E. B. Mallory & Co. House-keepers can depend upon getting the very best oysters and perfectly fresh.
W. W. GILL.

FOR SALE!

MY farm at Little Rock, containing about 180 ACRES. New brick house. New tobacco barn. All in grass for ten years, except 8 acres of good tobacco land. Price, \$12,000. (26oct-2m) J. M. THOMAS.

JACKS FOR SALE.

I HAVE for sale five splendid Black Jacks, I with white points, 3 years old, 15 1/2 hands high. They are of the best breeding, descending from Napoleon, Beema Vista and Imp. Mammoth. Two of them took the blue and red ribbons at the Fair. Any one wishing to buy will please call and see them at
J. MONROE LEE'S, Paris, Ky.

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING on my customers to write an advertisement for this sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly say that I have just returned from New York, and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN. All that I can say now, is to COME---yes, come NOW and lose no time yourself in securing pick and choice from my large and varied selection of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest bargain of your life, call and examine our goods and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the county. We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a complete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls, including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a first-class Stove and Tin Store, among which may be found the celebrated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we flatter ourselves that we need no further mention. Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

MILLIGAN & PERRY.

"THE BOURBON NEWS" OFFICE

Is prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing, such as Bill-heads, Letter heads, Envelopes, Business Cards, Programmes, Circulars, Posters, and, in fact, everything in the printing line. Work done with neatness and dispatch.

JAMES K. DAVIS.

GARRETT DAVIS

DAVIS & DAVIS,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

(TWO DOORS ABOVE THE POST-OFFICE.)

Are now making the most stylish

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

ever made in this city, at the most REASONABLE RATES.

CYCLONED!

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP

CLOTHING, HATS and FURNISHING GOODS

as our goods—at least a portion of them, were slightly damaged by the storm. We propose to offer our entire line of goods at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES until we close out the goods. Call and see them, and our prices. In rear of our old store room, and in Singer's new house opposite the Post-office.

J. L. TAYLOR & CO.